

ER! DIG THIS CRAZY COMIC!

DIG THIS CRAZY COMIC







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# the shave OF CHAMPIONS

I always use my Cutthroat Blades to whittle down my baseball bats. It's the only blade I know that has knives beat by a mile!

Ummm! I just love to run my hands over his Adam's Apple! He had such a horrid lump before — and now — I'll just have to go out and marry him because he uses — CUTTHROAT BLADES!

**CUTTHROAT  
BLADES  
ONLY \$9.99**



**SIMON SHMIDLAM!** of the Boston Shmidlumps says — Whenever I want my face to be SMOOOOOOTH — real SMOOOOOOTH — I steal a pater's razor while mater isn't looking — and I SHAVE!!! It gives me the thrill of a lifetime. I just shut myself up in my little ol' pent-house and — SHAVE!

**MEN! MEN!** Calling all men to CUTTHROAT BLADES! Does your wife beat you lately? Does your business partner give you a hard time? Does your secretary refuse to sit on your lap? Buy a carton of these steel-shavings, black-honed blades. GUARANTEED TO CHANGE YOUR APPEARANCE . . . OR YOUR MONEY BACK. Don't let other blades give you a pain in the neck. TRY CUTTHROATS AND GET THAT PAIN ON YOUR FACE!

**BUY ONE TODAY — Remember:**

There's never a dull moment where you use — Cutthroat Blades. You'll be the most wide-awake patient in the hospital ward. Your worries and cares will be gone. People will love you — especially doctors! So get smart — be SHARP . . . USE CUTTHROAT BLADES wherever ladies is sold!



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WHO IS THE ONLY HANDSOME, YOUNG, FEARLESS SURGEON? WHO IS THE MOST BRILLIANT, POPULAR, TROUBLE-SEEKING, UP-STANDING, FINE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS MORE CONFLICTS IN HIS FINE, UP-STANDING MESSED-UP LIFE? YOU DON'T KNOW? WHY... IT'S NOT A BIRD... NOT A PLANE... IT'S —

# YOUNG DR. BALONEY!



HIS ADAM'S APPLE IN THE CORNER POCKET ON ONE SHOT. NURSE—YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT MORE CHALK ON THIS CUE-STICK.

GIVE ME MORE OXYGEN!

SCORE SHEET  
SUCCESSFUL OPERATION

BUT, DR. BALONEY—YOU'VE GNIFFED UP A WHOLE TANK.

OXYGEN  
NO PROOF

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR SCALPES LEFT IN PATIENTS OVER THIRTY DAYS

—OR—  
PORTIA  
FACES  
WEST!

BEFORE AFTER

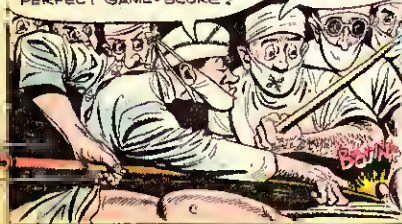
THE TOWN'S GREATEST SURGEON WAS OPERATING AGAIN IN HIS USUAL BRILLIANT WAY. ALL EYES PEERED OVER HIS MUSCULAR SHOULDERS—WATCHING THE SKILL OF HIS AGILE FINGERS...

DURN! MISSED THAT DIAPHRAGM BY A MILE. I'LL JUST HAVE TO DO BETTER THE NEXT SHOT. HOW WILL I EVER TALLY UP A PERFECT GAME-SCORE?

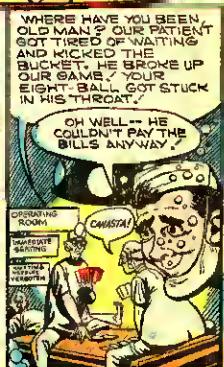
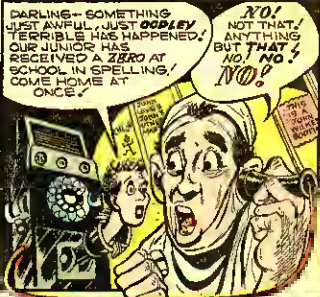
MAGNIFICENT! EXTRAORDINARY! DARING!

CALLING DOCTOR BALONEY...  
CALLING DOCTOR BALONEY...  
DOCTOR KILDARE HAS MISPLACED HIS SEWING-NEEDLE. HIS STOCKINGS NEED STITCHES. CALLING DOCTOR BALONEY...  
YOUR LIFE IS WAITING FOR YOU IN THE PHONE BOOTH...  
OH YOU KEE...  
ROGER—NILCO—AND OUT—  
QSR...

INTERRUPTIONS! INTERRUPTIONS!

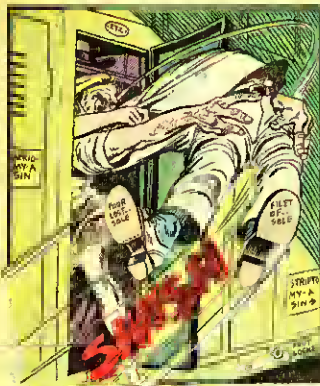


**EH! dig this crazy comic!**





# EH! dig this crazy comic!



BUT HUGO BALONEY  
HAD RECKONED WITH-  
OUT THE OTHER WOMAN-  
NURSE SMOOCHLIPS!

KISS ME, YOU MAD  
LOVER BOY! KISS ME!  
KISS ME! I'VE  
BEEN WAITING HERE  
IN LOCKER 232 ONE  
LONG TIME!



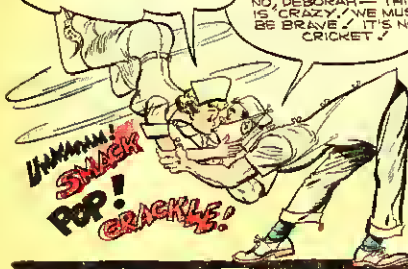
PLEASE, DEBORAH!  
YOU KNOW I AM  
ALWAYS TRUE TO  
MY WIFE AND TO  
THE PROFESSION!  
**YEA!**

NO MATTER, BELOVED,  
WE BELONG TO EACH  
OTHER! YOU AND I  
FOR EVER AND AN  
APPENDECTOMY  
YOU MAD FOOL!



I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT  
YOU, FLY INTO THE NIGHT  
WITH ME, BE MY  
SURGEON-STURGEON!

WHAT WILL MY PORTIA  
SAY? WILL SHE  
APPROVE? OR WILL  
SHE LEAVE?—ME?  
NO, DEBORAH—THIS  
IS CRAZY, WE MUST  
BE BRAVE, IT'S NOT  
CRICKET!



CRICKET SCHMICKET, WHO  
CARES? I DON'T YOU! I  
WANT YOU! ARE YOU  
LISTENING, LOVER BOY?  
TONIGHT AT EIGHT,  
DOLL-DADDY!

ULP! HOME, JAMES--QUICK!  
I CAN'T FACE TEMPTATION!  
BECAUSE I'M YOUNG,  
BRILLIANT, AND POPULAR--  
BECAUSE I'M YOUNG,  
DOCTOR BALONEY!

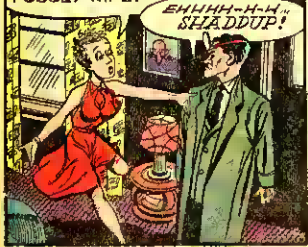
YES,  
GUNVOR!



AND LATER AT HUGO BALONEY'S HOME...

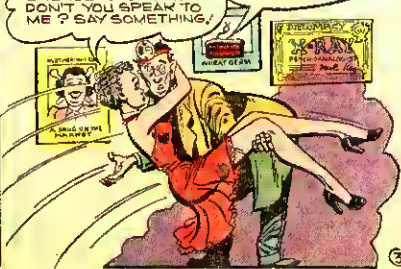
HUSBAND, DEAR, HAVE YOU MISSED  
ME? HAVE YOU? COME TO YOUR  
ROLLY-POLLY BABY, YOUR DOGGLY-  
POOGLY WIFE!

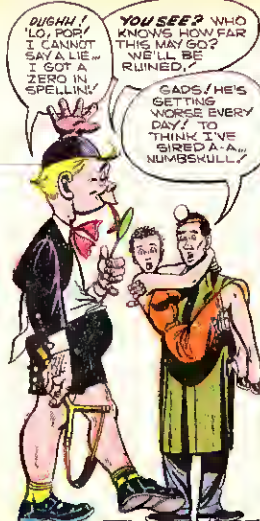
EHHHH-H-H-H  
**SHADDUP!**



SOMETHING MUST BE  
DONE WITH JUNIOR,  
DEAR, THIS IS AN  
EMERGENCY! WHY  
DON'T YOU SPEAK TO  
ME? SAY SOMETHING!

ARRGH--URRGH--  
I'LL PUFF! PUFF!  
ASK JUNIOR!





**YOU SEE? WHO KNOWS HOW FAR THIS MAY GO? WE'LL BE RUINED.**

GADS! HE'S  
GETTING  
WORSE EVERY  
DAY! TO  
THINK I'VE  
SIRED A-A-  
NUMBSKULL!



THERE HAS  
TO BE A WAY  
OUT OF THIS  
CALAMITY,  
DARLING. YOU  
BETCHA—WE'LL  
SEE, LOOK—  
I HAVE A  
SURPRISE  
FOR YOU!



NOW, HUGO, YOU  
KNOW I MEAN  
BEST. NOW HERE'S  
WHAT WE'LL DO...  
WE'LL TAKE THE  
FIRST GRAMMAR  
BOOK WE FIND  
AND, YAK-YAK-YAK-  
YAKITTY-YAK...



HUH?  
OH—THE  
PHONE.

RINGGG.



SO HUBERT HAS HAD AN ACCIDENT, HUGO... AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP LITTLE JUNIOR OUT. AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE CAN'T HELP HIMSELF RIGHT NOW! YAK--YAKITTY--BLA--BLAH!

YEA-YEA-  
YEA... YEA...  
YEA... YEA-YEA-  
(GROAN)...YEA-  
YEA...

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JUST AS HUGO PUT DOWN THE PHONE ..



**BUT NOW—A NEW DEVELOPMENT!!**



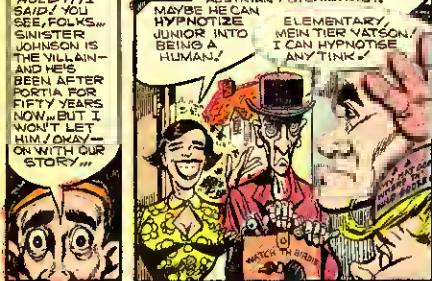
HOLD THE  
PLOT UP FOR  
A MOMENT!  
HOLD IT, I  
SAID! YOU  
SEE, FOLKS...  
SINISTER  
JOHNSON IS  
THE VILLAIN—  
AND HE'S  
BEEN AFTER  
PORTIA FOR  
FIFTY YEARS  
NOW... BUT I  
WON'T LET  
HIM / OKAY—  
ON WITH OUR  
STORY...

ONE  
HOUR  
LATE

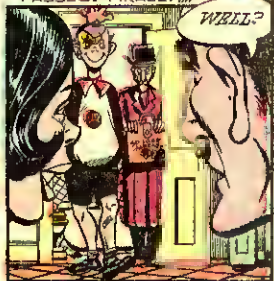
LOOK WHO I BROUGHT IN,  
HUGO AND PORTIA/PROFESSOR  
HACKENSNITZLE - THE GREAT  
AUSTRIAN PSYCHIATRIST!

MAYBE HE CAN  
HYPNOTIZE  
JUNIOR INTO  
BEING A  
HUMAN!

ELEMENTARY,  
MEIN TIER VATSON.  
I CAN HYPNOTISE  
ANY TINK.



THEY STEP INTO THE ROOM TOGETHER, JUNIOR AND THE PROFESSOR. TIME PASSES. FINALLY...



DOUGH-H-HH, I LOSTED  
MY BRAINS. I THINK I'LL  
GET A ZERO IN SPELLING.  
OOB.. GLOB... AND GLUB!

RAUCHEN  
VERBODEN



AND NOW—DANGER!

REMEMBER ME, LOVERBOY?  
(UMMM... SMACK... POING... POP!)  
I'LL BE THERE BY EIGHT,  
DADDY-KING / PORTIA-  
SHMORTIA - WHO CARES?

NO, NO! DON'T!  
EVERYONE WILL FIND  
OUT! I WON'T BE  
FINE, UP STANDING—  
SWEET! I'LL JUST  
BE A MAN!  
PLEASE!

DELIVER  
ROOM







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THIS IS THE STORY OF ELMER VAMPIRE... BORN ONE HUNDRED YEARS TOO SOON & HE CAME FROM A GOOD LINE OF VAMPIRES... BLOODY HORRIBLE, A REAL GOOD LINE! BUT ELMER WAS THE **BLACK SHEEP**! THIS IS HIS STORY... HIS RISE FROM FAILURE TO SUCCESS. NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME WE BRING YOU THIS TALE CALCULATED TO KEEP YOU IN...

THE

# HOUSE OF WHACKS!

WHO DAT  
WHEN I  
SAY  
WHO WHO?

THE SALED  
THE SEVEN TAD,  
MATE... AN THIS  
IS THE EIGHT?

ONE-AND-  
TWO-AND  
ONE-AND  
TWO-AND...

4  
SALE  
TIGHTLY  
DRIED,  
BODY

RED  
UPPER  
AT  
MORNING

OLD  
THINGS  
WASH  
WASH  
WASH  
WASH  
WASH

TOON  
MAY

LOST  
KID

THING  
SIZE

BRAND  
A

NEW  
OLD,  
MOLD  
THE  
BLOOD  
CHILD

BRAND  
B

BRAND  
C

BRAND  
D

BRAND  
E

BRAND  
F

BRAND  
G

BRAND  
H

BRAND  
I

BRAND  
J

BRAND  
K

BRAND  
L

BRAND  
M

BRAND  
N

BRAND  
O

BRAND  
P

BRAND  
Q

BRAND  
R

BRAND  
S

BRAND  
T

BRAND  
U

BRAND  
V

BRAND  
W

BRAND  
X

BRAND  
Y

BRAND  
Z

NO! NO! **NO!** STOP! STOP!  
**STOP THE MUSIC!** ELMER VAMPIRE  
...YOU'RE OUT OF STEP! YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED TO **STALK** YOUR  
VICTIM NOT SLIDE UP TO HIM!  
THIS ISN'T A DANCE STUDIO!

At a Cup!

NAMEO!  
GO, MAN,  
GO!

SALE  
TRADER  
SUITS  
39.95

UH... ER...  
SORRY, SIR?

NO BRONX  
LIES  
AN  
OLD 24000

REDUCED  
CLEANING  
RATES  
ON  
BLOODY  
MONEY.

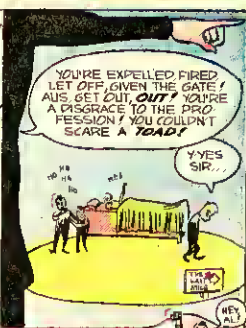
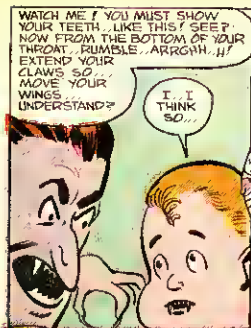
FOOT  
ALL

GO  
MARTIN

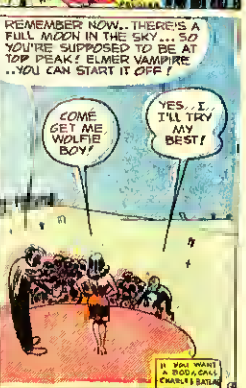
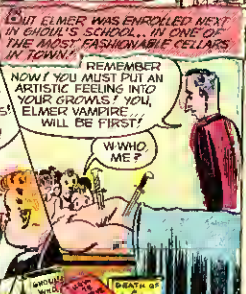
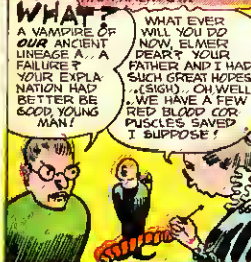




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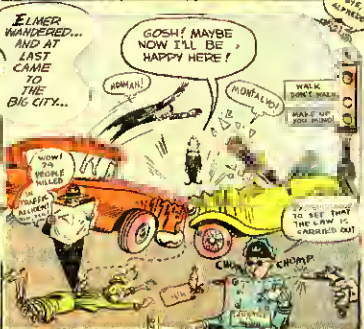
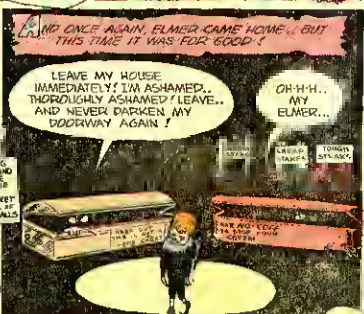
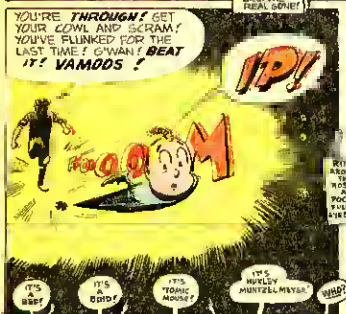


SO ELMER WENT HOME AND TOLD HIS PARENTS...



IF YOU WANT A BOSS-GAL, CHASE A BATMAN!

# EH! dig this crazy comic!





# EH! dig this crazy comic!

COME TO MAKE HIS FORTUNE. ELMER SOON DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT THAN OTHERS...

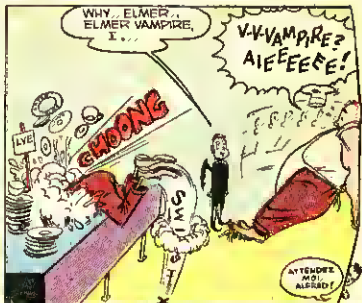
I COULD WASH DISHES AND... AND ALL I'LL REQUIRE IS A FEW PINTS OF BLOOD FOR FOOD AND...

**AP?**  
BLOOD? YOU SAID **BLOOD**? UH, WHAT WAS THAT NAME AGAIN?



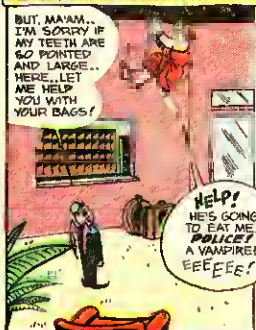
WHY, ELMER... ELMER VAMPIRE, I...

V-VAMPIRE? AIEEEEEE!



AND OCCASIONALLY... HE'D LOSE HIS FAITH IN HUMANITY...

BUT, MA'AM... I'M SORRY IF MY TEETH ARE SO POINTED AND LARGE... HERE, LET ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR BAGS!



I COULD BE A GOOD DELIVERY BOY. I COULD FLY INSTEAD OF WALK. AN I'D SAVE YOU TIME!

HELP! SAVE ME!

HE'S GOT... BAT WINGS!



FINALLY... DEJECTED AND DISAPPOINTED HE WALKED AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE STREETS, UNTIL...

MAYBE I CAN GET A JOB HERE. I LIKE TO MAKE STATUES AND NICE DESIGNS. MAYBE THE OWNER WON'T CARE WHAT I AM AS LONG AS I DO MY JOB!



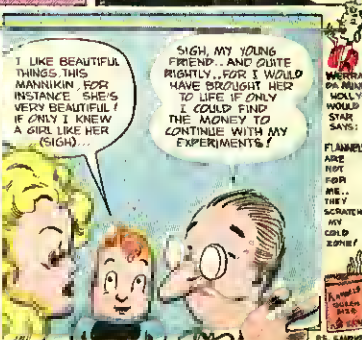
I WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY YOU, OF COURSE... BUT THINK OF THE OPPORTUNITY FOR ADVANCEMENT! THINK OF THE NEW FIELDS YOU'LL CONQUER!

OH, YOU'RE SO RIGHT! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, SIR!



I LIKE BEAUTIFUL THINGS. THIS MANNIKIN, FOR INSTANCE, SHE'S VERY BEAUTIFUL! IF ONLY I KNEW A GIRL LIKE HER (SIGH)...

SIGH, MY YOUNG FRIEND... AND QUITE RIGHTLY... FOR I WOULD HAVE BROUGHT HER TO LIFE IF ONLY I COULD FIND THE MONEY TO CONTINUE WITH MY EXPERIMENTS!

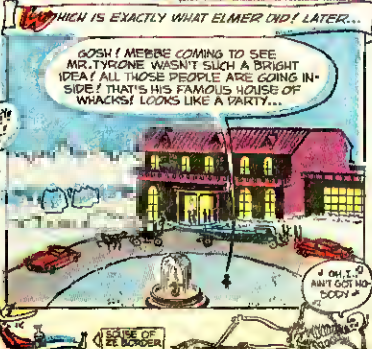
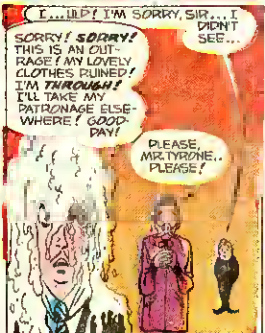
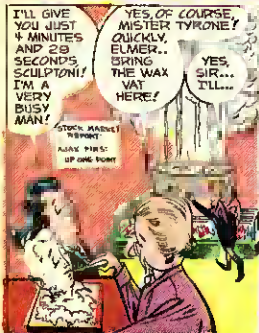
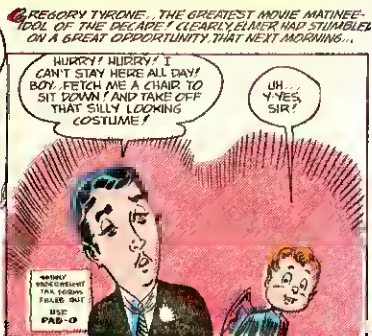
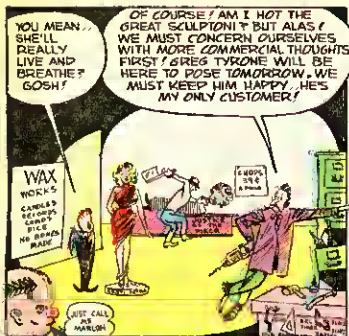


WARRA DA MUNK HOLLY-WOOD STAR SAYS:

FLANNELS ARE NOT FOR ME... THE Y SCRATCH MY COLD EARS!

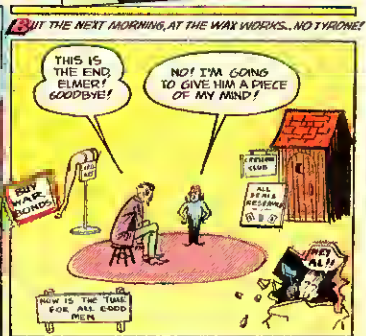
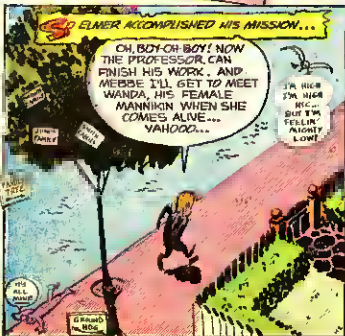
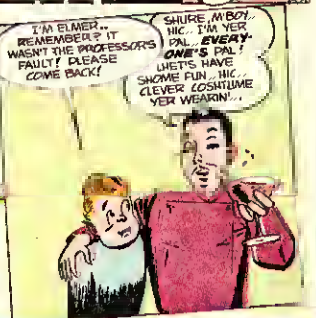
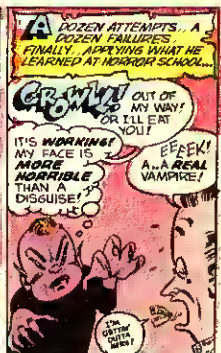
PS. ELMER... OLD BURY

**EH! dig this crazy comic!**





**EH! dig this crazy comic!**



**EH! dig this crazy comic!**

SO ONTO THE MOVIE SET OF GREG'S LATEST HORROR PICTURE, MARCHED OUR HERO

**I ABSOLUTELY REFUSE TO CONTINUE IF YOU WON'T HIGHLIGHT MY PROFILE! I'M THE STAR IN THIS PICTURE!**

THERE  
HE IS!

HEY!  
WAIT  
A  
MOM.

OWWWW!

I'VE GOT YOU!  
YOU'RE THE PERFECT  
FIND! TYRONE CAN  
GO TO THE GRAVE-  
YARD FOR ALL I  
CARE! YOU'RE PERFECT  
PERFECT!

HUH?  
LET ME  
UP! I'VE  
GOT TO  
SEE MR.  
TYRONE!

FORGET HIM, MY  
BOY! I CAN MAKE  
YOU RICH... FAMOUS!  
THE WORLD WILL  
BE AT YOUR FEET!  
JUST ACT YOUR  
SELF!

SELF, HERE, HAVE A SCARF

YES!

**YES!**



HOW'S THIS  
FOR BALANCE,  
READERS?

**S**O OVERNIGHT, ELMER VAMPIRE, OUR BOY.. BECAME A STAR! MILLIONS GOT TO KNOW HIM AS THE GREATEST HORROR MENACE SINCE THE SNAKE OF ARARY!

"BRING ME THE  
HATCHET, GRAND-  
MAW,  
I WANT TO  
BE A CUT-UP!"  
WITH  
ELMER VAMPIRE  
AND  
RODIE

ELMER VAMPIRE  
IN  
"ONE SHORT  
BIER!"

THE  
WORMS  
CRAWL IN  
WITH  
ELMER  
VAMPIRE  
AND  
THE VEE

ELMER VAMPIRE  
ANNA BANANA  
IN'  
THE LITTLE  
RED  
CLOUHOUSE +

ELMER VAMPIRE  
SO STARRING  
JOHNWAY CRAIG  
IN  
"THE STRIPPED  
CRYPT"

AND NOW HE RIDES WITH HIS FRIEND,  
PROFESSOR SCULPTONI... AND WITH HIM  
ALWAYS IS HIS SWEETHEART, WANDA, WHO  
IS ALIVE, THANKS TO ELMER'S BRINGING  
HOME THE BACON AT NIGHTS.

**ELMER'S** PARENTS  
NOW THINK  
THE WORLD  
OF HIM,  
THE HOUSE  
OF WHACKS  
IS ALSO  
HIS, AND  
EVERY  
DAY  
ELMER  
SUNS  
HIMSELF  
ON THE  
VERANDA  
AS ANY  
SELF  
RESPECTING  
VAMPIRE  
SHOULD!

THE MIRANDA

**B**UT AT NIGHT, WHEN ALL ARE ASLEEP, ELMER JUST CAN'T HELP READING HIS FAIRYTALES, HIS BOOKS ON THE BIRDS AND THE BEES, BECAUSE FIRST LAST, AND ALWAYS, HE STILL IS A VERY NICE VAMPIRE!

A cartoon illustration of a boy with glasses reading a book titled "BIRDS". The boy is wearing a green shirt and is looking intently at the book. The book is yellow with the word "BIRDS" written on it. The background is a simple, stylized landscape with a yellow sky and green ground. There are some faint, illegible text fragments on the right side of the image, possibly from another page or a different part of the document.

HEY,  
ALB  
HOW  
YA  
LIKE  
THE  
STORY?  
UN?  
P HUN?  
P HUN?  
P HUN?



# AWAKENING

Elmer Twiddletatch of the New England Twiddletatches — the ones who made a fortune in contraband Matzohballs — was rudely awakened by XZMJDKLIPUSS, the Martian. Guzzlepuss — we'll call him that for short — hated to make like a Bug-eyed Monster from Outer Space, but what could he do? The Martian Union had it in their contract that all visitors to Earth had to put on the dog and scare everyone silly.

Elmer, being a very unimaginative Twiddletatch, decided it was just a very uninspiring nightmare and promptly turned over an his wallet-holding side for some well-earned sleep. Perhaps that is why we can explain the fact that Guzzlepuss was impatient with him, having to jab his forked trident into Elmer's wallet-holding side. Elmer's wail was blended into the rooring whine of Guzzlepuss' rocketship waiting for them up on the roof.

"Oh my achin' wallet-holding side," Elmer moaned, "Naw my daily racket of being a politician will be disrupted. It will cost the taxpayers money because I'll be rude and cranky all day and just itty-bitty mean enough to make some foreign nation a present of a few billion dollars! Don't you realize who I am?" he huffed.

"Only too well, Fat-stuff," answered Guzzlepuss the Martian. "That is why you are on a Crook's tour — Martian that is — to that fond of Blue Mountains and rivers where the Clouds are Cloudy all day! It was my mission to escort you there, you being the one-trillionth Torran to come to our attention!"

Before Elmer could make heads or tails — or forked tridents — out of that one, he was dumped unceremoniously into the hold of the rocketship. "Gads! what possibilities of exploring Outer Space!" he chortled. "Think of it — a vast panorama of Magnificence! A glittering array of jeweled planets" and so on, working himself into a frenzy of manapalistic speculations about which world had the Toni — the

Toni being all, gold, uranium and other precious metals. In other words, Elmer Twiddletatch, that great Politician, was just PLAIN GREEDY. He was already dipping clutching fingers into the net gains and profits of a dozen planets when Guzzlepuss became excited enough to use his forked trident again with the same artistic flourish.

"OWWWWwww," sang Elmer, brooding through the Sound Barrier. "Why didya hovta go do that for?"

"Please use your cerebellum and cerebrum my dear chap," said Guzzlepuss. "You're not out here as a guest, but as a permanent member of our Glorious Organization. Therefore, you will please refrain from insulting my triple ears with such obvious tripe. For your information, these planets have neither money, jewels, oil, gold, nor uranium. They just have doctors on one planet to practice their theories on each other instead of the victims they cure in the cemeteries every week. And on this planet," he gestured to a particularly purplish sphere slowly being left behind, "are a whole bunch of lawyers who trick each other every day. And so on all over the System. Here, for instance, is a planet with an entire battalion of Secret Societies. They spend their lives voting each other in and out with their lists of names. "And to a very true-blue ellipsoid apart from the others, he added: "This planet takes care of all the dobutantes that came out and never went back in."

Now Elmer may have been a very unimaginative Twiddletatch, but he certainly was no durn fool. Putting two and two together, and pocketing one for his political expenses, he decided Guzzlepuss had no love for him and proceeded to charm him in his best Twiddletatchian manner.

"Look, my boy," he began, "Loove us come to an understanding. Will ten thousand skins do? I'll just push a bill through raising the sub-way fares in a dozen cities when I get back

## EH! dig this crazy comic!

## EH COMICS

and make up that difference. How about it, son. Do we see eye to bug-eye on this? Do you scoot me back to that dear old rat-race Earth for this slight consideration?"

"NO," spelled out Guzzlepuss with a sadistic relish. "We're spacebound, so don't try to live dangerously. Besides, this is my last trip on this old tub. I wouldn't return to your smelly, jungle, war-mad, money-hungry Earth for all the skins in the Universe — even if they were black-and-blue."

Elmer saw the claw-writing on the wall and kept appropriately still.

Before he had time to contemplate his navel, however, the rocketship had landed on a very bright, sunny planet. Waiting to greet him was another bug-eyed monster who might have passed for Guzzlepuss' brother! Immediately, Elmer's mind began to see the possibilities of this amazing duplication. Given the proper conditions, he mused, he could commit a dozen robberies using the creatures in two different places. Yes, he felt — he was going to like his visit here — wherever HERE was.

"As our trillionth customer," Guzzlepuss began, "you shall be given your choice of planets. What do you think of this one?"

Elmer looked around carefully and speculatively, with the gleam of the dishonest businessman still burning in his eye. No bonks to embezzle from, no civic organizations to milk from, no charities to place in one's pockets, no people being killed, robbed, maimed, murdered — GADS — this was terrible! How else could he make his decent graft? But he really made up his New England mind with some Old England twists, when the guy in the white toga stepped up and politely offered him a flute to flute on! If he wanted to blow, Elmer thought, he didn't need an old-goat of a grey-beard waving his hands under his nose. He could easily blow with the gelt, cash, laot, snatch, dough, moolo, samoleans — if there were any of the some on this bit of dirt.

"I'm sorry, Guzzlepuss old dear," Elmer began. "But I must really give this place a thumbs down. It doesn't inspire me. It doesn't fill me with a sense of public trust — of a duty Above and Beyond. In short, I think it stinks. What's next?"

After a hosty and much-whispered consultation, Guzzlepuss and his brother bundled off the Great Emancipator into the rocketship and

landed on another planet. Elmer knew the difference immediately when a seedy-looking individual sidled up to him leering with studied ease, and offered him the highlights of the Nine Planets which a gentlemen like himself could have for one thin skin. Elmer would have graciously accepted had not Guzzlepuss pointed out that the thin skin the inhabitants of this particular blab wanted was that of his own body!

But that didn't stop our boy. Elmer Twiddle-tatch looked around at some of the sights. There were babes of all kinds walking around. People enjoyed themselves. Everyone laughed loud and long. There was so much food, others could hardly lough. Fast, furious, exciting music bounced all about the place. Cars were piled thick and fast and motorists were calling each other blue words.

"What a spot for a Smart Operator," mused Elmer. "What a politician of my untarnished integrity couldn't do here. The place could be developed into a horsebetting, numbers, gambling, armaments, moonshining, boot-legging paradise that defied description!

So he tearfully bade Guzzlepuss and his mirror-image goodbye and set up shop. In three short months, Elmer Twiddle-tatch was sitting pretty. In six short months, he was chief kingpin there. In one year he was bored stiff. In two years he was ready to give it all up for a chance to blow on that flute. In three years he was begging Guzzlepuss and Company to take him out of there.

"Please — PLEASE — PLEASE, old thing, old Buddy — old pal a' mine. You've got to swing this for me. I'll even give you a little percentage on the side. Do this thing, and I'll give you my eternal unblemished, honest, sincere, frank, old Earth, back-stobbing, back-biting gratitude," Elmer wailed. "I'm even willing to go to HELL if I have tal NOTHING could be worse-than this!"

The bells rang out, the chimes twinkled, the bugles blew, and the drums roared while Guzzlepuss took time out to stifle his hysterical laughter — because — dear reader — you guessed it — Hell's EXACTLY where old thing, old buddy, old pal, that sterling citizen, that diamond in the smooth — our boy — Elmer Twiddle-tatch of the very prim and proper New England Twiddle-tatches — the ones who made a fortune in controbanded Matzohballs — was!

THE END

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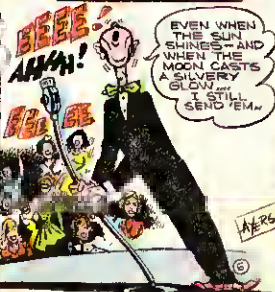
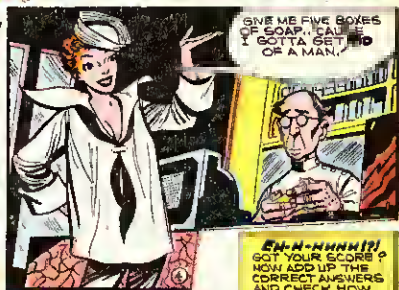
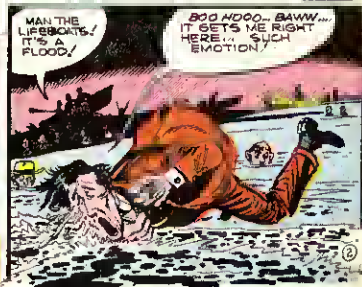
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# EH-H!?! A PUZZLE PAGE !!!



NAME THE SINGER AND THE SONG. GIVE YOURSELF TWO POINTS FOR EACH CORRECT ANSWER! ONE POINT FOR NAMING THE SINGER — THE OTHER FOR THE SONG THAT IS ILLUSTRATED. READY—?

HERE WE GO !!!



EH-H-HHHH!! GOT YOUR SCORE? NOW ADD UP THE CORRECT ANSWERS AND CHECK HOW WELL YOU DID WITH THE MASTER GRAPH BELOW...

- 0-12... EHHHHH... CELENT!
- 0-9... CANCEL YOUR EH! SUBSCRIPTION!
- 3-3... STEAL SOME RECORDS.
- 0-1... UGHHHHHHHH!

## ANSWERS

- 1. ENZO ANGILERI... SOME ENCHANTED EVENING
- 2. JOHNNIE RAY... CRY
- 3. BILLY DALLAS... THAT OLD BLACK JACK
- 4. MARY MARTIN... I'M GONNA WASH THAT MAN RIGHT OUTTA MY HAIR
- 5. JIMMY CAGNEY... WHITE CHRISTMAS
- 6. FRANK SINATRA... NIGHT AND DAY

AEBS

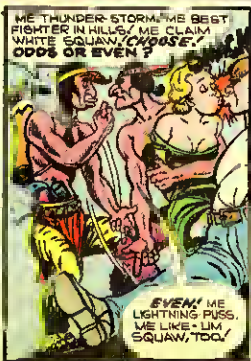
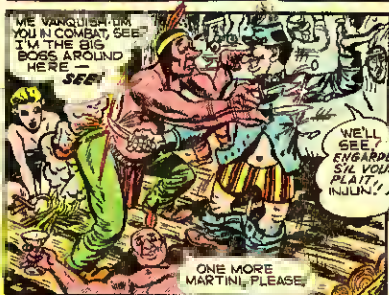
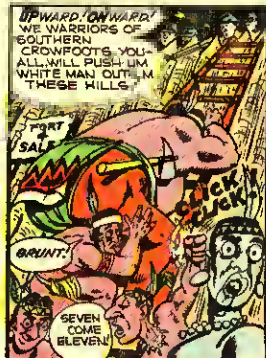
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DRUMS ROLLED, SHOTS POURED — AND FORT "TI" WAS SURROUNDED BY THE SAVAGE REDSKINS WHO HAD SWORN VENGEANCE — WHO HAD SWORN TO KILL, PILLAGE, LOOT, TAKE NO MAN ALIVE. DEATH LURKED FOR THE BRAVE DEFENDERS — UNTIL — OUT OF THE PURPLE HILLS RODE — THAT DEFENDER OF JUSTICE — THAT WESTERN HERO...





# EH! dig this crazy comic!



# EH! dig this crazy comic!

WHILE  
OUTSIDE  
THE  
FORT...

AROUSE THYSELVES, BRAVE  
WARRIORS OF THE SUNSET.  
OUR FOREFATHERS CALL TO  
THEE. I, **STANDING-BULL**,  
YORE LI'L OL' CHIEF, SPEAK  
TO THEE...

AWWW-  
SHADDUP!

-- YOU  
LOTTA  
BULL

TEA  
ZONE

MEN--YOU BEEN DOING ALL RIGHT UP TO  
NOW. BUT YOU AIN'T DONE ENOUGH.  
NOW SIT IN THAR-- AN' FIGHTUM,  
FIGHTUM, FIGHTUM PER DICKER OLD  
SEMINOLE U. REMEMBER--WE GOT  
TO MAINTAIN OUR HONOR--UM.  
**JUST YOU-ALL REMEMBER  
THAT-UM.**

BRRUP!

BESIDES--WE ALL DON'T WANNA BE  
SELL IN' WAMPUM AN' BLANKETS TO  
THOSE RICH EASTERN TOURISTS  
AT DIRTY TRAIN STATIONS, DO WE?  
COLONEL GAZOOT HAS RICH OIL  
WELLS BEHIND HIS SHACK IN THE  
FORT. THAT'S WHUT WE WANTUM!  
WE BECOME HEAP RICH INJUNS--  
WITH CADILLACS! YEA MAN--  
HEE HEE HOO HOO HEE HEE...

**YAHOO!**  
**HEE HEE HEE! YAH!**  
**SHAZAM!**  
KILL WHITE MAN!  
KILL 'EM ALL  
TOUPEES!  
TENNIS  
ANYONE?  
DAMES!  
SET ALL THE  
DAMES.  
GET FIRE  
TO WHITE  
MAN'S FORT.  
HAVE-UM  
HEAP BIG  
WEENIE  
ROAST!



IS IT  
SAFE  
YET?  
LEMME  
SEE  
T-THOSE  
INJUNS  
GIVIN'  
UP?



**MEN!**

UH-H HELLO,  
SIR / HOW'S  
EVERY LI'L OL'  
THING IN THE  
BRIG, SIR?

D-DON'T  
LOOK LIKE  
THEY ARE  
SLIM.



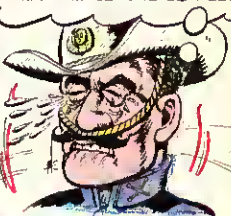
# EH! dig this crazy comic!

GIT AHOLD O' YOURSELVES, MEN. WE GOT TO FIGHT FER DEAR OLD FORT T! WE REPRESENT THE CREAM O' THE BRAVE PIONEERS, WE CAN'T LET THOSE PESKY REDSKINS TAKE OVER OUR WIVES, SWEETHEARTS, AND OUR CADILLACS, WE JUST ALL CAN'T, THASS ALL!



GO, BOY!  
YOU IN THE  
WRONG  
OUTFIT!

I FEAR THAT MY INSPIRING, BRILLIANT MESSAGE TO MY SOLDIERS JEST AIN' PENETRATED THAR THICK SKULLS, I FEAR ALL IS LOST, WE ALL ARE IN DANGER, GADS, WHUT A FICKLE FIGMENTARY FIGMENT OF FATE, STANDING BULL WILL A-MASSACRE US-ALL!



BUT **NOW!** FROM OUT OF THE PURPLE HILLS CAME—BIZON BILLY!

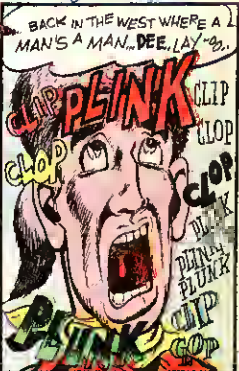


I'M BACK IN THE SADDLE AGIN'... OLEE LAY LEE EEE...

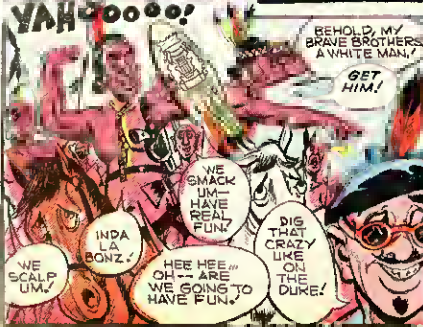
PLINKITY PLUNK PLUNKITY PLUNK PLUNK  
CLOP CLOP CLOP CLOP



PLINK PLINK PLINK PLINK PLINK  
CLOP CLOP CLOP CLOP  
ONE OF THESE DAYS...



BACK IN THE WEST WHERE A MAN'S A MAN... DEE LAY...  
CLIP PLINK CLIP CLOP  
CLOP PLINK CLOP  
PLINK CLOP  
PLINK CLOP

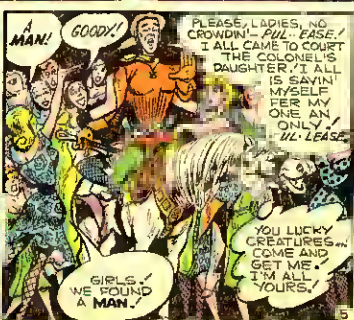


YAHOOOOO!  
BEHOLD, MY BRAVE BROTHERS, A WHITE MAN!  
GET HIM!  
WE SMACK UM—HAVE REAL FUN!  
INDA LA BONZ!  
HEE HEE... OH-- ARE WE GOING TO HAVE FUN.  
DIG THAT CRAZY LIKE ON THE DUKE!

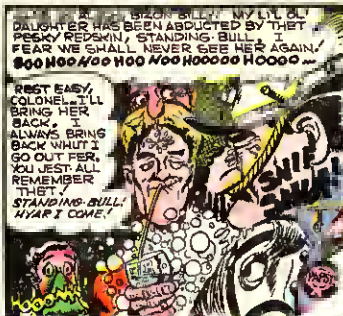


BLAM! BLAM!  
BLAM! BAM!  
WHACK!  
POW!  
BANG!  
WHAM!  
CANASTA?  
BOINK!

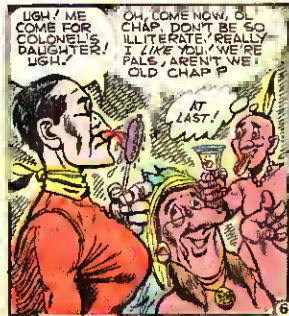
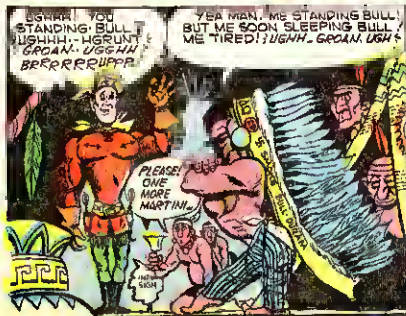
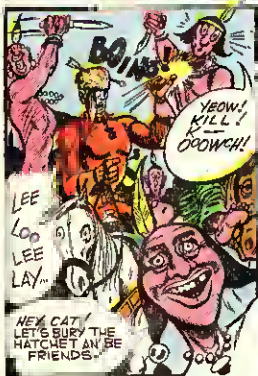
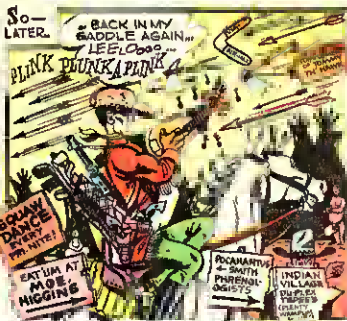
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# EH! dig this crazy comic!

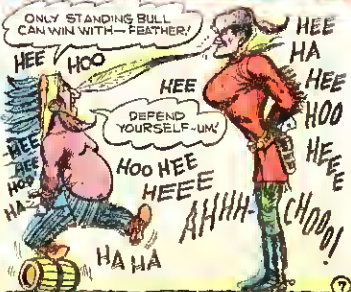
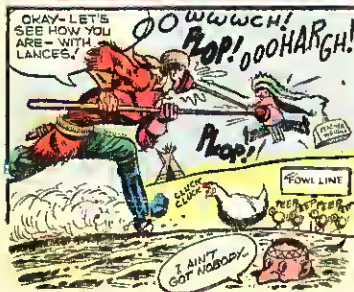
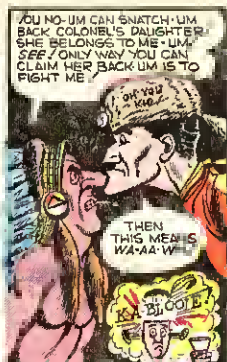
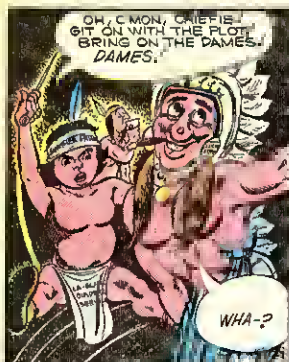


So—  
LATER.

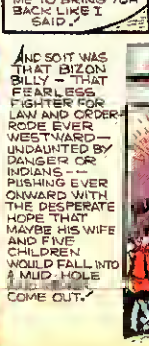
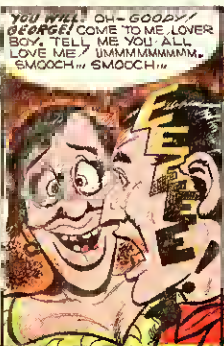
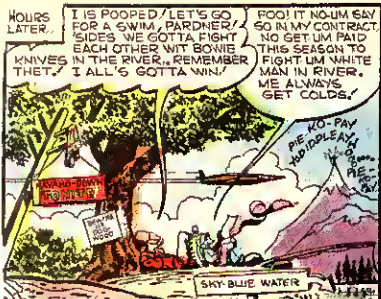




# EH! dig this crazy comic!



# EH! dig this crazy comic!



# WHAT DOES "EH" MEAN??

SEND YOUR ANSWERS TO: AL FAGO, EH!  
400 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

## (EDITOR)

Dear Editors:

I recently heard about your venture into a new field. Congratulations! Only — I don't quite understand what EH:H means! If your book really entertains, as the rumor has gone around that it does, then please put me down as a new fan. I've waited a long time to lock myself up with a comic book that is whimsical without being vile, and cynical without being libelous. *Cal T. Stevens, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

\* \* \*

## (DEALER)

I sneaked a look at the list of new magazines to be displayed on my stand in a few months — lo-and-behold — there was your new book — EHH! Now when people go "Ehh" — I'll know what they're looking for! *Richard Kronwitz, Houston, Texas.*

\* \* \*

## (ARTIST)

Hoo hs—ods bodkins—and EHHHHHH! One of my fiendish artist pals has just gotten around to finishing your western script (FRONTIER SCOUT in Eh No. t—Ed.) — and what I want to know is — how come I ain't been called in too? *Some noise!* I want in on the ground floor — OR ELSE! *Marvin Morales, Bridgeport, Conn.*

\* \* \*

## (PRINTER)

I don't usually write letters to magazines — especially to comic mags, but after glancing at the silverproofs of EH Comics, I got my buddies to chip in for subscriptions. We almost died laughing and we almost got fired from our jobs! Let's see that second issue. *Paul Ferenz, Reno, Nevada.*

\* \* \*

## (ENGRAVER)

Here's hoping you put out a million issues of EH magazine. We need more comics of this type, than the ones that have virtually flooded the

country. But PLEASE — keep away from being too smart and cynical — all of us need to laugh but *not* at the expense of others! *Allen McCormack, San Francisco.*

\* \* \*

## (WRITER)

Where oh where did you get the various stories for your first issue? I'm going to frame my advance copy. *Nothing* can top it! Don't ever change your type of humor. It's very rare nowadays. And whatever you do — don't imitate other magazines of the same kind. Enclosed is my dollar for twelve issues. Best of luck. *Ted Sturdevant, Bronx, N. Y.*

(Don't worry, Ted. We're not copying ANY. ONE! Humor is universal, but being successful at it ISN'T! EH Comics is going to be a drooling collector's item. —Ed.)

\* \* \*

## (LETTERER)

I ink and letter many comic magazine scripts, but I can't remember when I've ever had as much pleasure from a script as the one I received in the mail last week. IT HAS EVERYTHING! I had to re-read it three times and laugh over it three times before I could get down to business. CONGRATULATIONS. *Henry Brandt, Omaha, Neb.*

\* \* \*

## (DISTRIBUTOR)

After copping a look at your nug, my assistant and I practically drove right into a fire hydrant, we laughed so hard. But just let me ask one thing: What does EH:H mean? *Louis Garelli, Seattle, Wash.*

\* \* \*

(How about it, readers — what does EH mean to you? We'll give the winner of the best letter sent in explaining EH, one dollar! —Editors of EH!) So—until the same time next month . . . EHHHHH —MPHATICALLY YOURS,

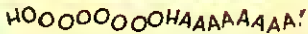
—(EDITORS)



9 OUT OF THE BLUE HE CAME WHEN SENT FOR... THIS MAN OF THE FUTURE... THIS GUARDIAN OF THE SYSTEM... FOR WHENEVER EARTH WAS THREATENED... HE WAS ALWAYS AROUND TO SAVE IT! WHO? WHY... NONE OTHER THAN...

# BUCK HODGES

## IN THE 26<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY!



MAKE WAY! I'M HEADED FOR THE HEADQUARTERS  
BUILDING OF EARTH'S SUPREME COUNCIL OF INNER  
SCIENTISTS: BROTHERHOOD FRATERNITY HOUSE  
ELDER'S CHAMBER OF DEPUTY CHIEFS, INC.  
HOOOHAHA!  
DUTY CALLS!

SOLOUAACK! (MEANING)  
YOU DIRTY DOG! A  
DECENT BIRD CAN'T FLY  
AROUND HERE  
ANY MORE!

SECRET

WOO WEE!

LADY GIT  
YOUR NOSE  
OUTTA MY  
MOUTH

INSIDE... MOMENTS LATER...

WELCOME  
BACK TO  
"HBESICSBFH"  
INC. MISTER  
HODGES...  
OOOH... A  
NEW LOVE  
TECHNIQUE  
YOU LEARNED  
ON VENUS!

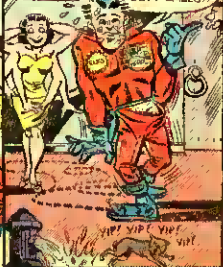
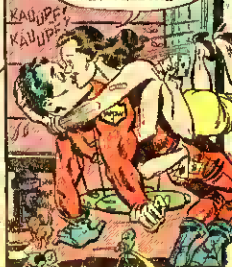
NAW! I  
PRACTICED IN  
FRONT O' A  
MIRROR! CHERIE,  
COME TO ZE KAS  
BAH WIZ ME,  
BABEE, YOU ARE  
CAUGHT FOR  
EVAIRE IN MY  
POWAIRE...MM...  
SMOOCH...

OOOH,, DOLL? WILL I? YOU  
LOVE LIL OL' ME,, REALLY?  
OOHHH,, SQUEEZE ME,, HUG  
ME,, **CRRUSH ME!**  
TELL ME YOU LOVE  
ME! **TELL ME!**

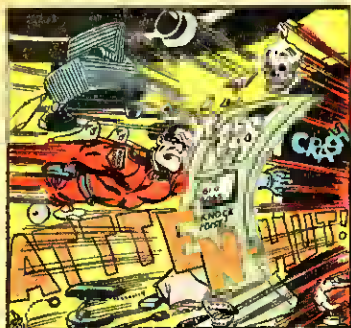
KAUPE  
KAUPE

GADS! I DON'T KNOW THE  
POWER OF MY OWN CHARMS  
,,HIC,, MUST REMEMBER TO  
LEAVE THOSE MARTIAN BABES  
ALONE,,HIC,,POP,,FZZZZ,,  
DUTY CALLS

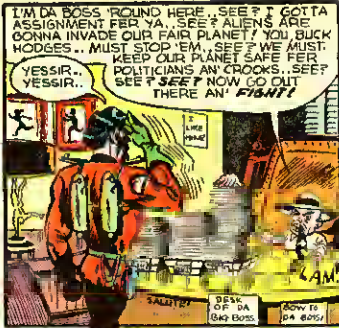
## DUTY CALLS



# EH! dig this crazy comic!



ODDS BODKINS! EARTH IS IN DIRE TROUBLE! ONLY I...BUCK HODGES...CAN SAVE IT! TIME'S A WASTING! UP...UP...AND AWAY!

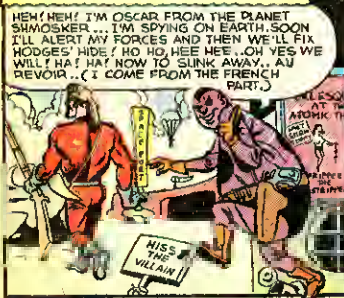


I'M DA BOSS 'ROUND HERE...SEE? I GOTTA ASSIGNMENT FER YA...SEE? ALIENS ARE GONNA INVADE OUR FAIR PLANET! YOU BUCK HODGES...MUST STOP 'EM...SEE? WE MUST KEEP OUR PLANET SAFE FER POLITICIANS AN' CROOKS...SEE? SEE? NOW GO OUT THERE AN' FIGHT!

HEEEHOO...I...I FORGOT TO TURN ON MY JETS! GOTTA GET A BRAND NEW PAIR ANYHOO! I'LL BLACKMAIL THE SMILIN' MARTIAN INTO SENDING ME HIS LATEST SUPER-JET, EITHER THAT...OR I DON'T SAVE EARTH! WOW! I'M LATE! UP...UP...HIC...AN' AWAY...



**B**UT...UNKNOWN TO OUR HERO, LURKS...



HEH! HEH! I'M OSCAR FROM THE PLANET SHMOSKER...I'M SPYING ON EARTH! SOON I'LL ALERT MY FORCES AND THEN WE'LL FIX HODGES' HIDE! HO HO, HEE HEE...OH YES WE WILL! HA! HA! NOW TO SUNK AWAY...AU REVOIR... (I COME FROM THE FRENCH PART.)

**A**ND LATER, AT THE SPACEPORT...



VEELMA...THE GIRL I HAVE PLANNED TO MARRY-AND WHO HAS BEEN WAITING FOR ME FOR 50 YEARS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

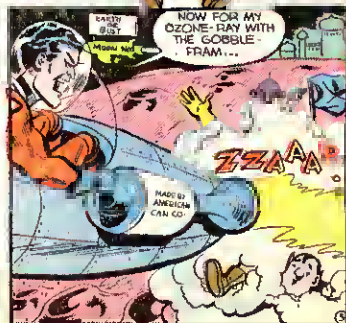
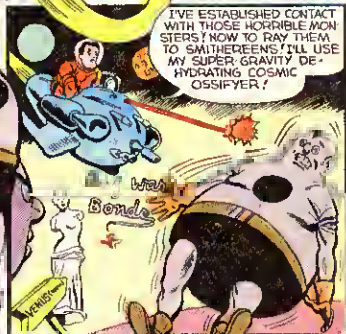
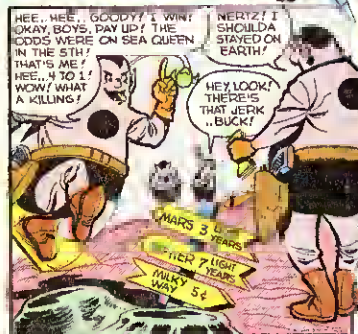
TAKE ME WITH YOU, BUCK! MY LUCK HAS GONE INTO THE MUCK. BUCK! TAKE ME TO GLORIOUS OUTER SPACE...WHERE STARS ARE STARS...AND MEN ARE STARS...MEN! PLEASE, BUCK...WILL YOU, HUH, WILL YOU, PLEASE!

**EH! dig this crazy comic!**



EVERY SECOND COUNTS!  
VEE-LMA WILL UNDERSTAND  
THAT I'M DOING THIS FOR HER!  
IT'S BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US!  
EARTH AND HER NEIGHBORING  
PALS MUST BE SAVED... AND  
ONLY I HAVE THE TALENT,  
INTELLIGENCE, SKILL, ABILITY,  
AND SAVVY TO SAVE 'EM!

**B**UT FROM OUTER SPACE...  
COMES A MIGHTY ALIEN  
ARMADA!

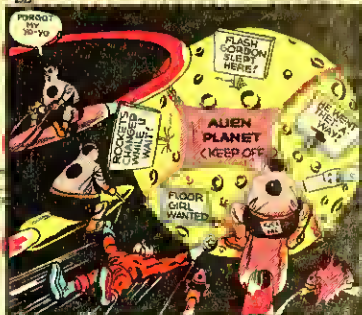




# EH! dig this crazy comic!



AND SO...SOME TIME LATER...THE PLANET SHMOSKER.



AND INSIDE THE PALACE OF THE KING OF SHMOSKER...

WELCOME, YO' ALL! I ALL IS DE KING OB SUTHIN SHMOSKER.. AS WELL AS NOTHIN, WESTIN AN' EASTIN SHMOSKER..WHAS ALL DIS BALONEY 'BOUT OUR INVADIN' YO EOITH?

YOU'RE NOTHING BUT EVIL, MEAN ALIENS...AND I HATE YOU ALL!



BUT REALLY, O' MAN..WE DON'T WANT YO DIRTY O' PREJUDICED INSANE PLANET..WE ALL HAVE EVERYTHIN' HEAH..DE ONLY SPIES WE ALL SEND OUT ARE.. TALENT SCOUTS.. FO' OUR HAREM GIRLS!

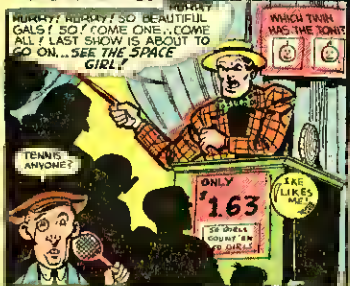


LEMMIE AT 'EM KINNGIE PLEASE! PRETTY PLEASE! INVADE EARTH! WHO CARES? WOW! HEY! HEY!

RESTRAIN YO-SELF! I WILL MAKE YO A PRESENT O' MAH QUEEN! WE IS HOSPITABLE!



SO BACK ON EARTH MONTHS LATER, BLICK HODGES MISSION WAS ENDED! HE HAS AT LAST CONQUERED SPACE!



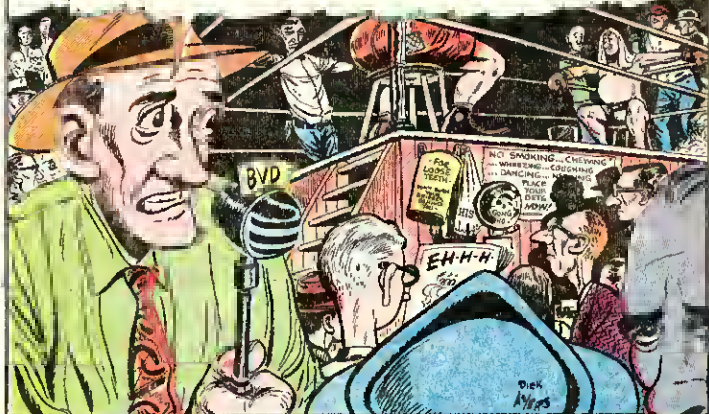
AND SO BLICK HODGES, GREATEST SPACE MAN IN THE UNIVERSE, HAS RETIRED TO HIS TRUE CALLING IN LIFE.. CARNIVAL OWNER.. AND BROUGHT BACK HIS OWN SPACE TO A SPACELESS EARTH!

**EH! dig this crazy comic!**

IT STARTED OUT NORMALLY ENOUGH — A HEAVYWEIGHT CONTEST — A CROWDED ARENA — WILL ZERNO, THE GREAT FIGHT ANNOUNCER — A LARGE MONEY-GATE — AND **EDGAR SZISMOOTTS!** WHO WAS EDGAR SZISMOOTTS? WELL, READ ON AND SEE... FOR

# THAT'S HOW T.V. WAS BORN !!

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN... THIS IS WILL ZERNO, YOUR CUT-THROAT ANNOUNCER. CUT-THROAT BLADES ARE GUARANTEED TO CHANGE YOUR APPEARANCE. WELL... TONIGHT IS THE BIG FIGHT BETWEEN CHALLENGER CLARENCE GESUNDSHNOOK AND THE CHAMP, MURDEROUS MATTHEW MAMBO. EVERYONE IS HERE... SIMPLY EVERYONE! REALLY... REALLY!



REFEREE SAPPHIRE SILVER IS TALKING TO THE TWO BOYS NOW IN HIS USUAL EFFICIENT, DYNAMIC, BRILLIANT WAY AND THEY ARE LISTENING INTENTLY TO EVERY PEARL OF WISDOM.

AND NOW —  
**THE BELL!**



THIS PROMISES TO BE A SLAM-BANG FIGHT, LADIES IN GENTLEMEN, THE CHAMP IS LOOKING GOOD — REAL GOOD! REALLY! A RIGHT UPPERCUT TO THE ANKLES... FOLLOWED BY A JAB TO THE KNEES! GESUNDSEHNOOK COUNTERS WITH A LEFT SMASH TO THE ARMPITS! A TERRIFIC FIGHT!

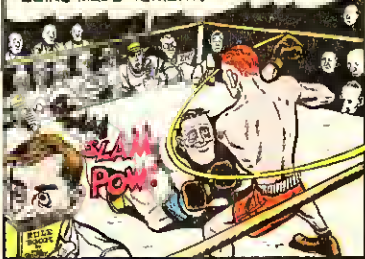


# EH! dig this crazy comic!

MAMBO HAS SLITHERED IN A RIGHT HOOK AND GESUNDSHNOCK HAS CAUGHT IT ON HIS ELBOW. BOTH ARE SIZING EACH OTHER UP. *OWWWW!* THERE GOES A WICKED BARRAGE OF BLOWS! MAMBO IS ROCKING WITH THE BLOWS.



GESUNDSHNOCK SEES AN OPENING. HE GOES IN FOR THE KILL. NO - MAMBO HAS CRAWLED AWAY FROM HIM. THEY'RE CLINCHING - A LEFT... A RIGHT... A MIDDLE TO THE KIDNEYS... HISTORY IS BEING MADE TONIGHT.



MEN, DOES YOUR THROAT HURT WITH ORDINARY RAZORS - WELL, USE CUT-THROAT RAZORS. YOUR THROAT WILL NEVER HURT NO MORE... *OWWWW!* IT'S ROUND TWO... MAMBO HAS USED HIS FAMOUS SKULL-CRUSHER PUNCH!



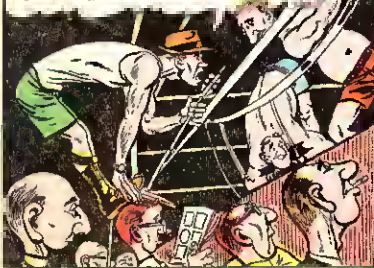
BUT THE CHALLENGER KEEPS HIS WITS AND BOUNCES BACK WITH A STRATEGY OF HIS OWN! WOW! WHAT A FIGHT! WHAT A TERRIFIC MATCH OF TWO EQUALLY-FITTED BOYS!



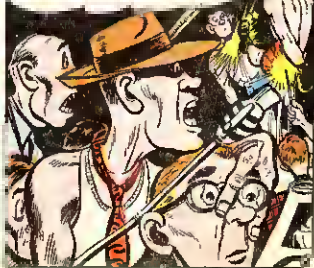
MAMBO IS ROLLING NOW - THE BLOWS BOUNCE BACK - AND - HE WINS THIS THROW! REFEREE SAPPHIRE SILVER IS DOING A GOOD JOB IN THE RING... HE PLANS TO RETIRE AFTER THIS FIGHT. THE PACE IS STEPPING UP!



- AND - *OWHH!* MAMBO JUST RELEASED A PUNCH THAT ALMOST TORE THE CHALLENGER'S HEAD OFF! WILL HE SURVIVE? WILL HE? HUH? HUH? *OWH-H...* ANOTHER ONE!



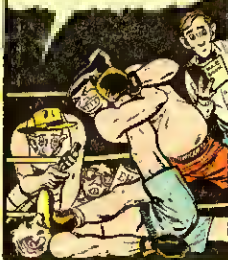
THE CHALLENGER HAS MADE A TERRIFIC COMEBACK WITH A TERRIFIC PUNCH THAT IS JUST TERRIFICALLY TERRIFIC! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!





# EH! dig this crazy comic!

— AND IT'S A **KNOCKDOWN**! MURDEROUS MATTHEW MAMBO IS DOWN AND OUT! THE ENTIRE CROWD IS ON ITS FEET, REFEREE SILVER-UN— AS SOON AS HE GETS A CHANCE—!



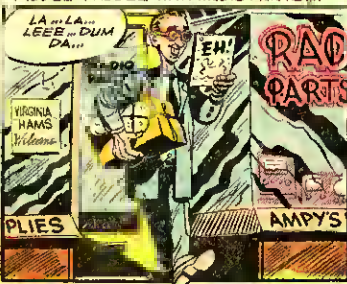
THERE IT IS, EVERYONE! WINNAH AND NEW CHAMPEEN— CLARENCE GESUNDSHOOK! OH BOY OH BOY OH BOY OH BOY... WHAT A FIGHT! WHAT A FIGHT? NOW! ZIP! BAM! SENSATIONAL!



TUNE IN AGAIN SAME TIME NEXT WEEK WHEN CUT-THROAT BLADES PRESENTS ANOTHER EXCITING FIGHT. THIS IS YOUR OL' PAL, STERNO WILL ZERNO SIGNING OFF WITH ADVICE TO SEE YOUR DOCTOR IF YOUR RAZOR SHOULD GIVE YOU TROUBLE...



AND WHO WAS EDGAR SZISMOOTS? A FIGHT-FAN, OF COURSE, WHO LIKED HIS FIGHTS, BUT WHO ALSO LIKED TO FIDDLE-FADDLE WITH RADIO PARTS...

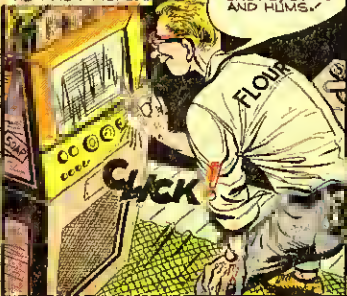


... SO HE WENT HOME WITH SOME GADGETS THAT NEXT AFTERNOON AND FIDDLER AROUND...



... AND FADDLED AROUND... UNTIL HE WAS FINISHED...

NO MORE LUMPS, BUMPS, CRUMS, BUMS AND HUMS...



# STOP SMOKING!

New, safe formula helps you break habit in just **ONE minute!**  
Tobacco gurgles — tobacco fingers — tobacco whine — tobacco ears.

## YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Shivers
- Tobacco Bad Breath
- Tobacco Onions
- Tobacco Itch
- Athlete's Foot
- Poisonous Harold Teen
- Tobacco Tobacco

No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthy nicotine and smoke habit, this brilliant scientific (easy to use) one-minute formula will help you **STOP SMOKING** — in just **ONE minute!** Countless thousands who have broken the vicious **TOBACCO HABIT** now feel different, look different — actually **ARE** different by trying this wonderful **DISCOVERY**.

## ATTENTION DOCTORS:

We can help you doctors too!  
Don't be a quack all your life —  
**GET SMART** — Don't puff on  
those coffin-nails. We **GUARANTEE** you peace and quiet. No  
more sick patients — no more  
money — No more **NOTHING!**



**YOU WILL LOSE THE DESIRE  
TO SMOKE IN ONE MINUTE!**

## HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

Numerous medical papers have been written about the evil, slimy, awful — **JUST TERRIBLE** effects of Tobacco kneecaps, Tobacco Brains, Tobacco pastafagosa. **IN JUST ONE MINUTE** — you can avoid these **GOSH-AWFUL** symptoms!

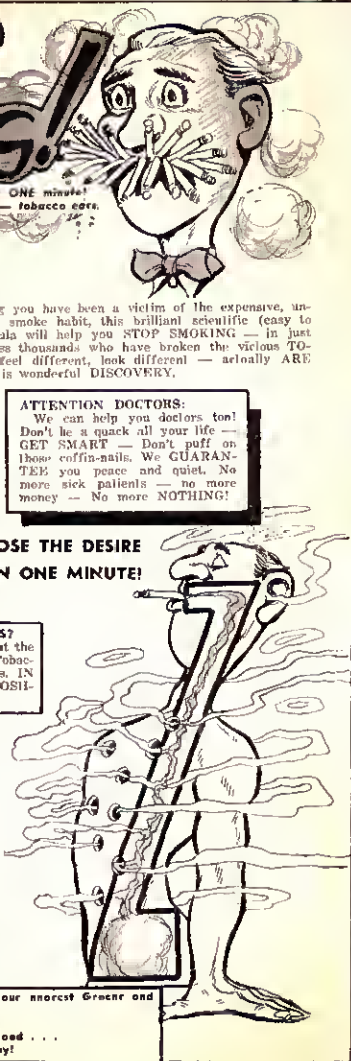
## HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU SMOKE!

The nicotine-laden smoke you inhale goes around and around and finally just plain gets **TIRED** and decides to set and set and set. Stop this danger — **stop Tobacco Blood, Tobacco eyes, Tobacco Tonsils . . . STOP IT — PULSAR!**

Don't be a slave to Tobacco . . . Enjoy your right to clean, healthy, abnormal living. Try this amazing discovery for just one minute . . . If it doesn't break you of the smoking habit forever . . . then return your cadaver in ten days and we will provide your embalming fluid — **FREE!!**

**MAIL COUPON NOW!** I will pay postman nothing for this marvelous offer: .45 Colt pistol — steel-reloaded — moisture packed — My troubles will be over — almost **IMMEDIATELY!** **DON'T DELAY — RUN — do not walk — AND SEE!**

**SEND NO MONEY** — Tear off the top of your nearest Green and **AIRMAIL!** **YES — AIRMAIL AT ONCE to:**  
**GRAVEYARD RLDG., Cemetery House**  
**4444 & 4 Fourth Avenue, Hades, Beyond . . .**  
**Mail In your Coupon Today!**



# MOTORISTS... STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

## SONTIAC SIX

...IN NEW AND  
ADVANCED STYLING

IS FARTHER AHEAD  
THAN ANY OTHER  
HEAP!



The new low, sleek lines of the 1933 Sontiac Six sets new standards in the heap-field. This superbly styled body by Visher is only found in Sontacs, milk-trucks, and motor-cars. Its interior has the latest in color co-ordination.

### ... IN HIGH POWERED PERFORMANCE

The entirely new 5 mph Black & Blue engine is with new Glideshield... brings you new low-compression power (1 to 2 compression ratio) and a wonderful loss in economy that provides maximum irritation for those back-seat drivers you want to eliminate.

### ... IN SMOOTH, SIMPLE AUTOMATIC DRIVING

Expect faster getaways when you rob banks... new power to scare pedestrians... new automatic passing range to beat police cars... and wonderful hand-sliding that gives you muscles on your arms and bruises on your palms.



### ... IN ECONOMY AND VALUE

Fingertip touch — guaranteed to crack your fingers! now — more bills than ever! You'll pay like you never paid before! It remains the lowest value in the highest price field there is!

### ... IN AMERICA'S FAVOR

Again this year — as in every year — less people are buying Sontacs than any other car! Official registration shows more drivers have been arrested in Sontacs than any other make!



For the thrill of your lifetime — for the pleasure of never owning again — Sontiac Six makes you feel right at home in the graveyard. The only heap of its kind that falls apart at the slightest tremble. If you want something DIFFERENT — then rush right out and have your head examined!

SEE YOUR SONTIAC DEALER TODAY. Some are located in lumpy hatches — others are located in your nearest police station — while others are found under the hoods of other cars — stealing the motors of friendly competitors. ABOVE ALL — SONTIAC SIX comes in 3 great new series: GARBAGE RIVIERA... only \$25,000 plus Fed. Tax. DEGENERATE SIX... only \$15,000 plus Fed. Tax. ZIPPERHOODAH... only \$2.00 plus your right leg.

DRIVE IT AND SEE! YOU'LL NEVER BE IN YOUR RIGHT MIND AGAIN!

...ASK THE NUT  
WHO OWNS ONE!